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Do you have inerasable memory like him?

Squatting down in front of my grandfather, I pricked up my ears so as not to miss his words. One cold wintry night, this ferocious memory about the Korean War was emblazoned in my mind. I asked my grandfather about Korean War. He replied that “*the Korean War leaves me with indelible scars*”, and for a while he was in a meditative mood. From his trilling voice and some wounds in his face, I felt once more how hazardous and inhuman the war was and how important peace is. Five minutes later, he said “a tranquil Sunday morning, I hear a resonant sound was big like bombs exploding . . . and then, a siren sound in the city,” He looked distressed to recall his memory. Due to alarming, his family, grandfather, grandmother, and two sons, immediately evacuated south to a safe shelter, Busan--the southernmost port city in South Korea--with other citizens. Since most cars were damaged by North Korean soldiers’ shell, his family had no choice except for walking to the shelter about hundred-kilo. The line of evacuees fleeing seemed endless. Even though his family walked the long distance, they could not stop because of the thundering noise of cannon ball. After a time, they were in a dreadful situation; my grandfather got a blister on his foot and sprained his right ankle. He said “I really hurt, but I must walk for *survive*, *survive*, and *survive* in this *nightmare situation.*” To make things worse, his family was parched with thirst; they were in a hurry when they left their house, so they didn’t bring anything to eat or drink. Hence, his sons, one by one, fell down because of dehydration. Until his boys recovered consciousness, they hid in the area of dense woodland. Later, his family walked again, and on their ways they found many dead, South Korean soldiers, innocent citizens, even children, on the road, and these stank to high heaven. When He and his family saw the dead, they trembled with fear because of the death by war. Twenty days afterward, unlike of the other evacuees his family fortunately arrived in Busan. At this moment, my grandfather’s eyes were filled with tears. Consequently, Korean War gave him inexpugnable and brutal experience. After ten years, I still remember his words, now engraved in my memory “*Nothing can erase the horrible memory of war.*”